

ABHIS



JUNE ISSUE

Our Honor Roll of Present Employees Who Are Graduates of Abington High School



Barbara Adams

Rita Bailey

Schally Buchawski

Bronia Bush

Alma Butler

Barbara Butler

Catherine Cahill

Natalie Thompson Cappelini

Tuori Mehtale Carlson

Eleanor Colburn

Mary Cull

Hilda DiGicca

Victoria Dombrowski

Helen Downing

Sandra Dzikiewicz

Regina Faford

Helen Gilbride

Alice Giniewicz

Virginia Bolinder Guilian

Isadora Hardy

Zofia Jurgielewicz

Phyllis LaPointe

Wanda Mackie

Barbara MacPhelemy

Eileen Moriarty Meserve

Violet Meserve

Ellen Roberts

Garnet Rushwick

Theresa Salginewicz

Dorothy Sampson

Helen Franey Shepherd



London Clothing Corporation

2 Factories

—

2 Salesrooms

Route 58, North Abington

984 Main St., Brockton

THE ABHIS

Abington High School, Abington, Mass.



VOLUME XXII

JUNE, 1943

NUMBER 3

*The Abhis Staff dedicate this issue to the memory of
David Brown - Class of 1943*



ABHIS STAFF

FRONT ROW, *Left to Right*: John Richard, Dorothy Merrill, Mary Blanchard, Elsie Bowmar, Dorothy Greenleaf, Jean Brown, Jane Owen.

SECOND ROW: Patricia Roberts, Ruth Poole, Betty Smith, Janet Perron, Mary Block, Patricia Haskins, Phyllis Carlson, Patricia Keith.

THIRD ROW: Thomas Buckley, Raymond Richard, Janet Bowmar, Miss Chadbourne, Joyce Arnold.

ABHIS STAFF FOR 1942 — 1943

Editor-in-Chief

Elsie Bowmar

Literary Editor

Mary Blanchard

Assistants

Dorothy Merrill

Janet Perron

Patricia Keith

Patricia Roberts

Janet Bowmar

Raymond Richard

Art

Mary Block

Patricia Haskins

Annette Kerr

Kenneth Wolfe

Business Manager

John Richard

Advertising Manager

Betty Smith

Assistants

Ruth Poole

Phyllis Carlson

Thomas Buckley

Staff Typists

Dorothy Greenleaf

Jean Brown

Staff Photographers

Fred Crownfield

Arthur Garey

Faculty Adviser

Miss Annie Chadbourne

For God and Country



Lt. Colonel Allen F. Clark

The ABHIS staff pays tribute to Allen F. Clark, a graduate of the class of 1927.

After attending Wesleyan University for one year, Allen F. Clark entered West Point Military Academy, from which he was graduated in 1932. During the following year he was stationed in the Middle West. Then his government sent him to Princeton University from which he received an engineering degree. From that time until the entrance of the United States into World War II he served as an instructor at West Point.

At present Lt. Colonel Clark commands the 305th Engineers' Battalion at Camp Forrest, Tennessee. A few weeks ago President Roosevelt visited this camp and after reviewing Lt. Colonel Clark's battalion commended him upon the excellency of his battalion and its equipment.

Greetings from Africa

"1st Lieutenant Henry Avery
112th Ordnance Company (MM)
APO 700 New York City
28 April 1943

"STAFF AND FACULTY OF THE
ABINGTON HIGH SCHOOL:

"Greetings and salutations from Afrique du Nord! Have thought many times of old Abington High and my instructors there. I have intended to write before, but you know the old saying, 'Don't do today what you can do tomorrow.' (I didn't learn that at A.H.S.) I have often wondered how the GREEN & WHITE made out. Coming down here on the boat from England I lived with some of America's greatest feature writers. Men from the *New York Times*, *New Yorker Magazine*, Editor of the *Stars and Stripes* (old *Time* man), *Time Magazine*, and many others. I know Ernie Pyle, who writes for the *Boston Globe*, quite well.

"I don't know whether you know it or not, but I've been in Ireland, England, Scotland, and now here. Been overseas about nine months and in the Army going on two years. Have had all

kinds of interesting experiences which I wish I could share with you, but censorship will not allow. Was among the first troops to land here in November and have been trying Miss Gorman's French on the natives. Right now I can carry on a good conversation with them. At first the pronunciation was strange, for it's not pure Parisian French, but as time went on 'je comprends.' I've learned a little Arabic from our Arab mascot.

"I try to keep up in my chemistry by reading whatever literature I can get. I belong to the American Chemical Society and get their journals. Also I have long talks with our Battalion Doc., for he always wanted to be a chemist and has done quite a bit of studying along that line.

"I want to give my best regards to all, including Miss Hart, Miss Gorman, Miss Chadbourne, and Mr. Frolio. I owe a lot to all of you and want you to know that I appreciate all the opportunities A. H. S. offered. A teacher can't pound knowledge into a person; he can only make it attractive and seem worthwhile.

"Best regards to all,

"HENRY AVERY."

The following names supplement the lists printed in previous issues of the ABHIS. Only the names of those alumni who entered the service before May 1, 1943 are included.

1927 Johnson, Willard, Navy	Doughty, Charles F., Army	Krikorian, John, Army
1932 Nay, Marshall, Navy	Frolio, Stanley F., Army	Murphy, Charles E., Army
1935 Kotopsko, Bronislaw, Army	Patenaude, George M., Army	1943 Clark, William C., Army
Moynihan, E. Cornelia, WAACS	1941 Aker, Graham W., Army	Doughty, James, Navy
1936 Dunham, Robert E., Navy	Andrews, Harold W., Army	Farnham, Richard A., Navy
Gowell, Roy A., Navy	Angeley, James J., Navy	McDermott, George E., Navy
Snow, Russell I., Navy	Bombardier, Carl E., Army	Newcomb, Kenneth, Merchant Marine
1938 Gilman, George D., Army	Gibson, Walter, Army	Ross, Earl, Navy
Hanson, James L., Army	Lundin, James A., Army	Thompson, George, Army
Harkins, Mary L., U.S.M.C. Aux.	Mackiewicz, Henry M., Army	1944 DiCicco, Alfred, Army
1939 Gervais, Virginia, WAVES	McAuliffe, John H., Navy	Doherty, Charles, Army
Vaslet, Myrtle, WAACS	Seaman, Warren A., Navy	Senecal, Stanley, Merchant Marine
1940 Adams, William W., Army	1942 Bellows, Charles H., Army	
Andrews, Thomas, Navy	Duke, Matthew, Army	
Brady, William E., Army	Gilpin, Francis X., Army	
	Hill, John D., Army	

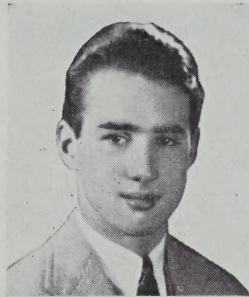
Raymond Richard, '44

Class of 1943

EDWARD ALLEN HENDRICK, JR.

Class President; Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4;
Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3; Stu-
dent Council 1, 2, 3, Vice-President 3.

Ambition.....



BETTY JANE SMITH

Class Treasurer; ABHS 1, 2, 3, 4, Ad-
vertising Manager 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4,
Vice-President 4; Student Council 1, 2,
3, 4, Vice-President 4; Library Club 3,
4.

Ambition.....



NARICE ROBERTSON

Class Secretary; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4;
Class Play 4; Dramatic Club 4; Treas-
urer 4; Library Club 2, 3, 4.

Ambition



RUTH NATALIE ALLEN

Science Club 4; G. A. C. 4; Glee Club
4; Orleans High School Tri-Hi, Secre-
tary 2, 3; Orleans High School Glee
Club 1, 2, 3.

Ambition.....

MARY ALICE ANGELEY

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2,
3, 4; Library Club 2, 3, 4; Glee Club
1, 2.

Ambition



CONNIE ARNOLD

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2,
3; Glee Club 1; Dramatic Club 3, 4,
Secretary 4; Library Club 1, 2.

Ambition.....





MARGARET FOSTER BELLOWES

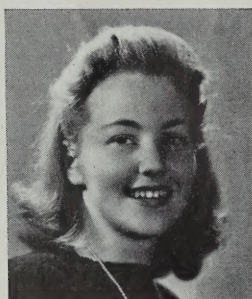
4-H Club 1, 2, 3, 4, President 3, 4;
Glee Club 1, 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4;
Science Club 1, 2, 3; Band 1, 2, 3.

Ambition.....

LOIS MURIEL BLANCHARD

Glee Club 2, 3; Dramatic Club 1.

Ambition.....



MARY ADDISON BLANCHARD

ABHIS 3, 4, Literary Editor 4; Dramatic
Club 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; English
Club 2; Class Play 4.

Ambition.....



MURIEL JANE BLENIS

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Science Club 1;
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Ambition.....

FRANK W. BOOTHBY

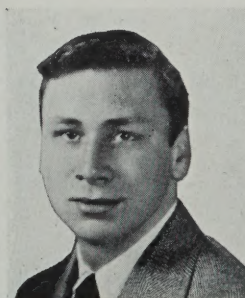
Football 2, 3, 4, Co-Captain 4; Hi-Y
Club 2, 3, 4.

Ambition.....

ELSIE ELIZABETH BOWMAR

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; ABHIS 1, 3, 4, Editor
4; Girls' Governing Council, Senior
Councilor 4; English Club 2, Treasurer
2; Class Play 4, Stage Manager.

Ambition.....



JOANNE ARLINE BACON

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4; Eng-
lish Club 2; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Glee
Club 1, 2.

Ambition.....



MEREDITH BAUMAN

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3;
Glee Club 1; Dramatic Club 3, 4, Vice-
President 4; Library Club 1, 2.

Ambition.....



JEAN TIRRELL BROWN

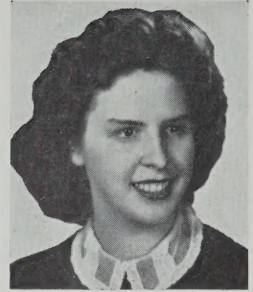
Science Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2;
ABHIS 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Ambition

MABEL HELENA BUTLER

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4;
Science Club 4; Library Club 4.

Ambition



RUTH CALDERARA

Band 1, 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 3, 4; Library
Club 2; G. A. C. 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2.

Ambition



FRANCES MARY COREY

G. A. C. 4; Glee Club 4.

Ambition

ROSE ANN DANKSEWICZ

Glee Club 1; Science Club 1; G. A. C.
4; Girls' Basketball 4.

Ambition

WARREN FRANCIS DAVENPORT

Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4, Vice-President 2,
Secretary-Treasurer 3; Student Council
4, President 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4;
Football 2, 3, 4, Co-Captain 4; Athletic
Council, President 4.

Ambition



JAMES EDWARD DOUGHTY

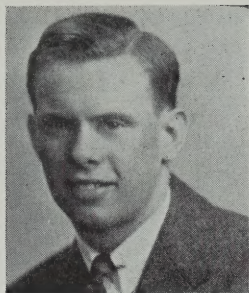
United States Navy.



ROBERT ELDRIDGE

Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 4; Foot-
ball 4; Track 3, 4.

Ambition



EDWARD WARREN EVANS

Hi-Y Club 4.

Ambition

BEULAH EVELYN FADER

Glee Club 1, 4; Dramatic Club 3; Class Play 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball Captain 4.

Ambition

RICHARD ARNOLD FARNHAM

United States Navy.



ELEANORE LOUISE FAXON

Glee Club 3; Library Club 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 2, Vice-President 3, President 4; G. A. C. 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 2, Secretary 3, Basketball Manager 4; Bicycle Club 1.

Ambition

HAZEL VAUGHN GAFFNEY

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Library Club 3, 4; Class Play 4.

Ambition

HELEN FRANCES GAWRONSKI

Student Council 2, Treasurer 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4, President 4; Class Play 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Governing Council, Senior Councilor 4.

Ambition

MARJORIE ALICE GILBRIDE

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Cheer Leader 4.

Ambition

MARY FRANCES GLINIEWICZ

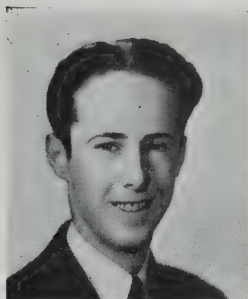
G. A. C. 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2.

Ambition

RUSSELL STANLEY GNONG

Green and White 1; Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3, 4; ABHIS 1, 2, 3, Circulation Manager 3; Science Club 1, 2.

Ambition



DOROTHY HELEN GREENLEAF

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Basketball Manager 4; Glee Club 1, 2, Secretary 1, 2; ABHIS 4; Class Play 4, Assistant Stage Manager and Prompter; Science Club 1, 2.

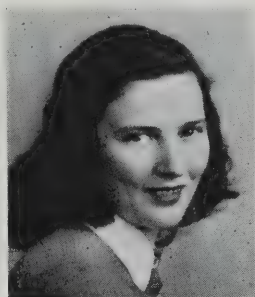
Ambition



CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH HALL

Cafeteria 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. C. 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2.

Ambition



CLARA LORRAINE HARVEY

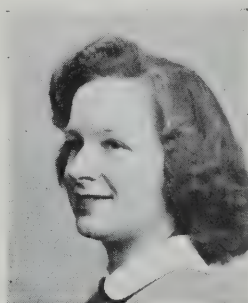
Bridgewater High School Dramatic Club 1, 2, Secretary and Vice-President 1; Bridgewater High School Glee Club 1, 3; Driving Club 3; Band 2, 3, 4, Drum Majorette 4.

Ambition

ANNE HASKINS

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1.

Ambition



BARBARA JANE IMHOF

Science Club 1, 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; English Club 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3.

Ambition



VICTORIA ANN KALINOWSKI

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Class Play 4.

Ambition



MARY ANNETTE KERR

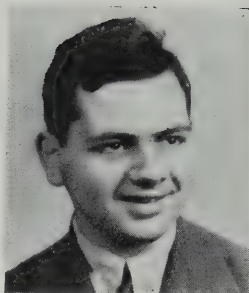
Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 2, Vice-President 3, President 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2.

Ambition



SARKIE JAMES KRIKORIAN

Hi-Y Club 4; Football 2; Baseball 3.

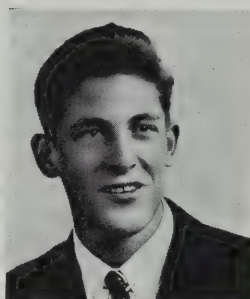
Ambition

RICHARD IRVING LEARNED

Port Chester, New York Jr. High School
Class Secretary 1; Rye High School,
Rye, New York, Class Secretary 2.*Ambition*

RALPH WESLEY LEONARD

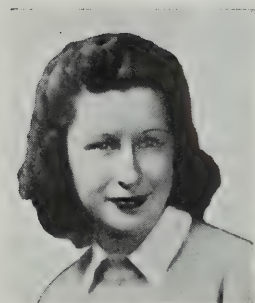
Band 1, 2, 3, 4.

Ambition

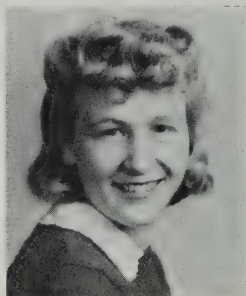
VICTOR FRANCIS LESCYSKE

Hi-Y Club 3, 4, President 4; Basket-
ball 3; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 1, 2,
3, 4, Assistant Manager 1, 2, 3, Man-
ager 4.*Ambition*

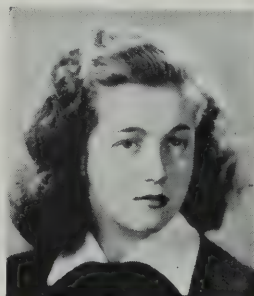
GRACE LILLIE

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3; Science Club 1, 2;
Basketball 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Li-
brary Club 2.*Ambition*

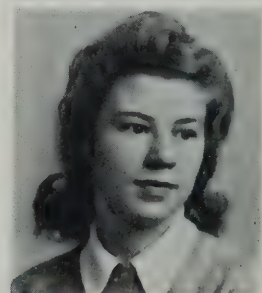
JANET LOUISE LITCHFIELD

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4;
Dramatic Club 3; Science Club 1; Bas-
ketball 1, 2, 3, 4.*Ambition*

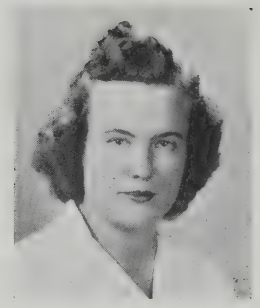
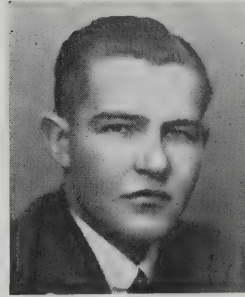
NANCY CARROLL MacGOWN

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2;
Dramatic Club 4; Tennis Club 1, 2;
Glee Club 1, 2, 3.*Ambition*

SUE FRANCES MacPHELEMY

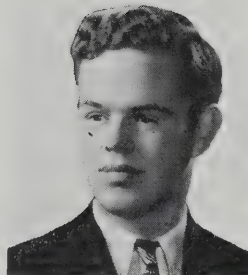
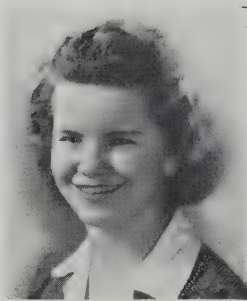
Glee Club 1; Science Club 1; ABHIS
1, 2, 3; English Club 2; G. A. C. 1, 2,
3, 4.*Ambition*

GEORGE EDWARD McDERMOTT
United States Navy.



ELIZABETH HELEN McLELLAND
G. A. C. 3, 4.

Ambition



DOROTHY MERRILL

ABHIS 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4; Class Valedictorian.

Ambition

ALBERT CLARK MILLS

Ambition

CYNTHIA ANN MURPHY

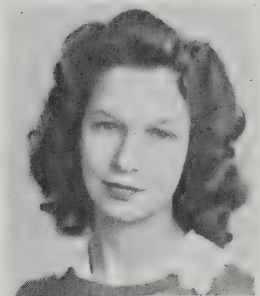
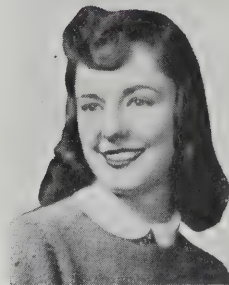
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3;
Science Club 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3;
Library Club 2, 3.

Ambition

CHARLOTTE FRANCES ORRALL

G. A. C. 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Science
Club 1, 2, 3.

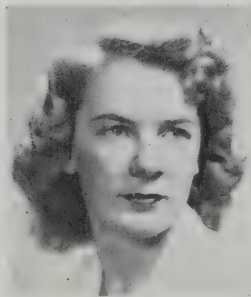
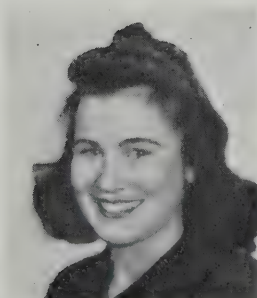
Ambition



DOROTHY MARGARET PATENAUDE

Glee Club 1, 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4;
Science Club 1.

Ambition



EVELYN RUTH PEARSON

Glee Club 1, 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4;
Dramatic Club 3.

Ambition



DOROTHY EVELYN ROSS

Glee Club 1, 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3.

Ambition

HELEN CATHERINE SAULENAS

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1; Dramatic Club 3; *Green and White* 3.*Ambition*

WINIFRED EVELYN SHAPLEIGH

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Science Club 2; Library Club 3.

Ambition

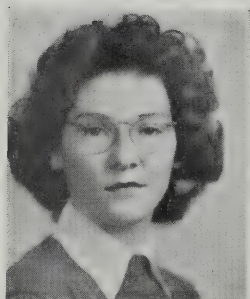
BEVERLY SMITH

G. A. C. 4; Witman High School Dramatic Club 3; Whitman High School Athletic Association 1, 2, 3; Whitman High School Badminton Club 1, 2, 3.

Ambition

THERESE SMITH

Class Salutatorian; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Library Club 2; Dramatic Club 4.

Ambition

EDITH LOUISE SPRAGUE

Glee Club 1, 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1; Softball 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3.

Ambition

JACQUELINE ST. JAMES

Glee Club 1, 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Library Club 2, 3.

Ambition

JANE NATALIE TAMKUN

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2; Library Club, Secretary 2; Dramatic Club 3; Glee Club 1.

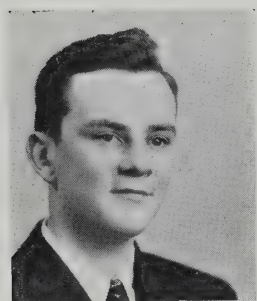
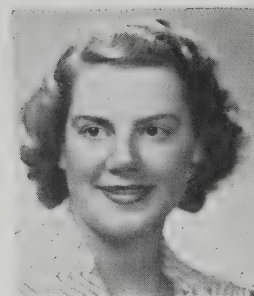
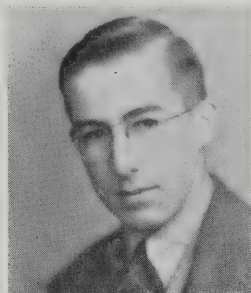
Ambition

GEORGE FRANCIS THOMPSON

United States Army.

CAROLYN LAURA VASLET

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. C. 1, 2; Science Club 1; Softball 1; Basketball 1, 2.

Ambition

THOMAS CRAIG WALSH

Hi-Y Club 1.

Ambition

BETTY JANE WARD

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 3, President 4, Basketball Captain 4; Student Council 4, Secretary 4; Class Play 4.

Ambition

JOHN JOSEPH CAHILL, JR.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y Club 3, 4.

Ambition

WILLIAM CROSSMAN CLARK

United States Army.

LAURA MAY WIGGIN

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3; Science Club 1, 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Ambition

RICHARD ALAN JOHNSON

Hi-Y Club 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4.

Ambition

GORDON WILLIAM McLEAN

Green and White 1, 2, 3, Sales Manager 1; Boys' Glee Club 1, 2; ABHIS 2.*Ambition*

CLIFFORD EDWARD PAQUETTE

Class Vice-President; Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Student Council 1, 2, 3.

Ambition

MARGARET LENORA READ

G. A. C. 4; Science Club 1; Glee Club 2; Library Club 2.

Ambition

EARL ADDISON ROSS

United States Navy.

JOHN E. WARNER

Science Club 1, 2; Football 2, 3; Hi-Y Club 4.

Ambition

PRISCILLA ANNE WITHERELL

Science Club 1; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3.

Ambition

HELEN WYMAN

Science Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1; Library Club 2; English Club 2; Dramatic Club 3, 4.

Ambition

CLASS STATISTICS

Best All-Around	Betty Smith, Warren Davenport
Best Physique	Meredith Bauman, John Cahill
Best Athlete	Dorothy Merrill, Warren Davenport
Best Natured	Eleanore Faxon, Richard Johnson
Best Dancer	Edith Sprague, John Warner
Most Respected	Elsie Bowmar, Victor Lescynske
Most Popular	Betty Smith, Warren Davenport
Best Looking	Mary Blanchard, John Cahill
Most Sincere	Elsie Bowmar, Victor Lescynske
Most Typical School Girl (Boy)	Jean Brown, James Doughty
Most Retiring	Dorothy Ross, Craig Walsh
Most Popular with Teachers	Betty Ward, Richard Learned
Most Helpful to Class and School	Elsie Bowmar, Warren Davenport
Most Loyal to Class and School	Dorothy Greenleaf, Warren Davenport
Most Considerate of Others	Eleanore Faxon, James Doughty
Most Dignified	Connie Arnold, Allen Hendrick
Best Actress (Actor)	Joanne Bacon, William Clark
Most Obliging	Ruth Allen, James Doughty
Most Friendly	Eleanore Faxon, John Cahill
Greatest Socialite	Elsie Bowmar, John Warner
Most Refined	Mary Blanchard, Allen Hendrick
Most Industrious	Dorothy Merrill, Richard Learned
Most Temperamental	Joanne Bacon, Frank Boothby
Wittiest	Jean Brown, William Clark
Most Practical	Hazel Gaffney, Clifford Paquette
Best Conversationalist	Elsie Bowmar, Allen Hendrick
Best Mannered	Helen Gawronski, Victor Lescynske
Most Conscientious	Dorothy Greenleaf, Richard Learned
Neatest	Narice Robertson, Richard Johnson
Most Cheerful	Dorothy Patenaude, Richard Johnson
Best Artist	Charlotte Orrall, William Clark
Most Likely to Succeed	Elsie Bowmar, Allen Hendrick

SENIOR CLASS SONG

(Sung to the tune of "As Time Goes By")

We shall remember this —
 All that we're going to miss,
 Of four grand years gone by;
 The happy times that we have had
 In Abington High.

The teachers kind and true,
 Who've ably helped us through;
 And guided us along,
 We'll owe them all our heartfelt thanks
 As we go on.

Football in autumn, baseball in the spring,
 And in the winter, basketball's the thing;
 During all seasons dancing was the rage
 In our progressive age.

The day has come at last,
 Our high school days are past;
 Our future is *to do*.
 As we must keep the things in life
 Which we hold true!

Merry Bauman

EDITORIALS

DO OUR YOUTH NEED HELP?

Do the youth of America know the answers to the many problems confronting them at this time? Can they decide the right thing to do without the aid of their teachers and parents? Most teachers are making a great effort to help in solving their pupils' problems. But are they doing enough? I don't think the teachers should be expected to realize or answer all the problems which are troubling our youth, but they should realize the many common ones. Even before they finish their education these young boys are told they are either to enter the service or to go to work. Can they decide the right or wrong thing to do without aid? There are many pupils who are now eighteen or who will be eighteen in their junior year. They will be taken out of school regardless of their plans for the future.

There may be only four or five boys in this situation in a small town. When we add the ones from all the small towns and from the cities of the United States there are thousands of them. That means there may be thousands whose chances of making a success for which they have been planning are ruined. The boys are told this will not happen and they are all mixed up and do not know what to do. How can they tell what to plan for? This is one time at which a teacher could help.

There are many boys and girls who are working after school to aid in the labor shortage and earn a little money with which to buy war stamps and bonds. They cannot possibly give as much time to their studies as they could in ordinary times. Is it fair to expect from a boy or girl who gets out of school to work from four to seven hours at night and then returns home to do his school work, as much as that teacher would expect from a boy or girl who gets out of school at two-thirty and has time for recreation and ample time to spend on his studies? Certainly a boy who has a sufficient amount of time in which to study can come to school and get a higher mark on a test than a boy who works six or seven hours a day.

Do the teachers realize this? These problems and many others students need aid in solving, and parents and teachers are the best ones to aid them. During this war period parents and teachers are more important as a vital influence with American youth than they have ever been or ever will be again.

Russell Damon, '45

OBLIGATIONS AND PRIVILEGES

IN order that we Americans may look forward to a promising and secure future, today's youth must realize that they have obligations to perform as well as privileges to enjoy. It is extremely important that our youth understand that some day, in the very near future, they will be the governing power of our own United States.

From the time the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock in the year 1620, up to the present year, 1943, our forefathers have been constantly striving to make America a better nation in which to live. Through years of hard work and untiring efforts, true Americans have succeeded in conceiving ideas and introducing methods which have helped to improve living conditions in America. It is now the duty of the youth of today's democracy to continue the great work of our forefathers. Today's youth must continue to produce methods by which they can prepare America for whatever may stand in the way of her democratic rights. They must know the importance of upholding American principles and protecting American ideals.

When America gained her independence from England, it was not served to her on a gold platter. Our precious independence was gained through suffering and loss of life on the part of our forefathers. They fulfilled their obligations that they might have privileges to enjoy.

Should we not be considered ungrateful if we did not keep this wonderful democracy alive? Certainly we owe something to the men and women who spent a lifetime of devoted efforts for an improved America! We can reward such efforts by being patriotic, and by proving ourselves loyal and industrious American citizens. We can remain independent as long as we are willing to work together in a democratic way.

In order to retain the privileges which a democracy affords, the youth of a democracy must understand the principles of a democracy. Our youth must know that a country needs support from every individual living in that country, and that if each one constantly takes, giving nothing in return, the country must fail.

The United States will have a part in the task of remaking the conquered countries in Europe. By that time today's youth will be at least partially responsible for governing those countries, and, in order to make their future a successful one, they must know their obligations now.

Betty Ward, '43

WAKE UP, YOUNG AMERICA!

MANY of the youth of America do not seem to be aware of the fact that they have obligations to perform as well as privileges to enjoy.

Many of our youth feel that as long as they live in a free country in which they are not forced to fulfill any obligations their lives are bound to be easy ones passed in the enjoyment of the many privileges their country affords. Little do our youth realize just how important a cog in the wheel of success each is going to be if he will put just a little more effort into the business at hand. All who are overworking the use of these privileges should stop doing so at once.

There is work to be done here in America—and plenty of it. With thousands of men and women leaving for active duty in the armed service, who is going to man the defense jobs that they leave behind? The answer to this question is, the Youth of America. Even though most of us are not old enough to take positions in large defense plants, each of *us* can help out in some smaller way.

There are many other ways in which we can be of help to our country besides working on defense jobs. Selling war bonds and stamps is an excellent way in which each one can help. Although this takes a great deal of time, it does not require too much energy. Many pupils fail to try this because they cannot see how they can be of help to their country just by “peddling” war bonds. This is entirely the wrong attitude for anyone to take, because it really is about the finest way in which anyone can show his patriotism.

Young America should not work merely because it is wartime, and our country is in the midst of a serious situation, but every young American should always be ambitious and faithful, even after the war is over. The ones who spend their time as “idle sons of the rich,” and sit around trying to “break into Esquire” will most likely be the failures of later years.

If it were not for the fact that many sons and daughters of America have known what it is like to be able to sit around and do as they pleased, this country would be better off than it is now. Sometimes too much liberalism is not good for one, and such is the case when it comes to getting our youth to wake up and make good use of their time rather than spend the rest of their lives enjoying our good old American privileges.

Dorothy Greenleaf, '43

“IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE”

IF we want to get this war over with we have got to win it. To win the war we must first realize what we are fighting against and what our soldiers are going through.

Many people do not realize that we are in a war. They know we were attacked and that men are being drafted, but they do not know that these men are also being killed. When they pick up a paper and see that their neighbor's son was machine-gunned while parachuting they suddenly find out.

Even some of the people with relatives in the service do not realize that the war is right at our door. America can be bombed. Our enemies have four-motored bombers that can fly to America, and some military men believe that they could carry enough fuel to enable them to return to their home base. If an enemy plane got through and dropped one bomb, but killed or injured no one, it would be a good thing for America. It would show Americans that it can be done. It would make them take the precautions necessary to prevent it from ever being done again on either a large or a small scale.

Newspaper reporters went about asking people on the streets if they believed the atrocities of our enemies. The average person thought most of them were propaganda. We are underestimating our enemy, which is a dangerous thing for us to do. We need to have our eyes opened for us.

Alfred Frevold, '45

NOW IS THE CHOSEN TIME

Now is the chosen time for the Allied Nations to prepare for the chaotic society that must result from the dreadful war through which we are now passing. Let us not make the same mistake twice. This reminds me of an old saying, “Fool me once, shame on you. But fool me twice, shame on me.” Most real Americans admit that they made mistakes after the first World War.

Many of our youth of nineteen-hundred and eighteen had not had a high school education. Previous to that time our school systems were not liberal in teaching the science of government. They clung to old ideas of honest men in government. Youth did not have available the many sources of information that we have today. The draft boards during that war found millions of youths who could neither read nor write. This condition has greatly improved during the last

twenty years, but we still find many young people idling away their time. How can a nation rule itself if it lacks education?

During the ancient times great numbers of people became slaves because they were illiterate, and therefore had to submit to the will of their rulers. We have one of the finest educational systems in the entire world. It is of no avail unless we take full advantage of it. We cannot foresee all the changes that are sure to take place. Many young men may not be able to complete their high school education. The war may be long and the armed forces may need them. Girls may be forced into industry before they have completed their prescribed courses. This is our war. An alert, well-informed people will never become slaves to any foreign nation. Now is the time, Young America, while you are still in school.

Madeline Doherty, '45

BROTHERS, ALL

EVERY time we hear a roar in the skies we look upward with an emotion colder and harder than fear, a feeling almost identical to that of arrogance. Have you ever thought in that same moment of your brother struggling with a gaping wound, mud his only dressing and silence his only fortitude? Hot lead pains and sears and rips at his flesh.

Recollect, how you both sat on the edge of the bunk in his room and talked? He was older than you, oh yes, but he loved to tell you all his troubles. Remember the time he stripped second and third gear? He came in scared like a peeping chick, after midnight. He was so worried! You knew something was wrong because even there in the darkness you could hear him breathe, not easily but excitedly, and then he said in an almost crazed voice, "Sis, we hit a stone, and the gears snapped, and they just won't work. What'll —"

You never did let him finish because you knew — What'll Dad say? You told him to tell Dad how it happened and he'd understand. Sure he would. It could have happened to anybody and it just did. Remember, too, how Dad felt — not a word.

Could it be this same brother out there bleeding, aching, crawling, edging nearer inch by inch to life or death: blood and mud his only hold on life, his only assurance of death. Then another hit, a streak of fire, more searing, burning torture. His body twitches and his thigh

numbs, his whole leg, and then the numbness moves into his hip and up through his shoulder. No more inch by inch sloughing across the stagnant swampland. Now no pain, no burning, only a spirit pervades his blood-soaked, bullet-torn form. Yes, that was someone's brother, someone's son.

"There are enough of the brutal facts of war on paper," said one woman to me after she had read what I have written. She said so simply, "We must be discreet with the people's feelings." Discretion where truth is concerned is mighty risky business. This woman is a timid, loving soul who would not kill a cobra even if it were about to strike her own child. After the cobra had struck she might be tearful and repentant, but what good, what restoration comes from repentance or tears? Our men do not want tears over their prostrate forms; they want a realization of destruction scored on the hearts of their friends and family. Neither can we sit down and weep over the Eiffel Tower, the Rheims Cathedral, or Westminster Abbey, or the "grey spires of Oxford" unless at the same time we want to weep beautiful tears over the Empire State Building or the Golden Gate Bridge.

There is much for us to do: the work that keeps our families in a semblance of happiness, the work that keeps our God in the heavens and the work that brings nearer the end of hostilities. There are bonds to buy that will assure us room in Freedom's home, but let these bonds become shopworn and never shall we have brothers, sisters, fathers. We are a fraternity of persons who believe in this power of our God above all men to unite us not only in the great biological sense but spiritually as well.

Elsie E. Bowmar, '43

BRAINS VERSUS BRAWN

WHY are the Army and Navy sending boys to college unless it is to gain abstract intelligence? Why have we a head start over our enemy in mechanical training and all-around ability? Is it because Americans are mechanically minded or because they can think for themselves in a crisis?

The Japanese, as Captain Swartz, our visiting Marine, said, lack initiative. If their leader is shot or killed, 99% of their striking force dies with him. The Americans, on the other hand, can operate individually as well as in groups. This takes abstract intelligence. Even in physical combat men should be able to think what they must do next, or they will be sliced in half

with a bayonet. If we did not have individual abstract intelligence, a few men would rule us and do as they saw fit, just as the dictators among our enemies are doing.

Because the Nazis have abstract intelligence of a sort, Germany is the most dangerous of our two enemies, although Hitler is trying to eliminate those constructive types of intelligence such as those required in music and art. The average soldier has a fair knowledge of mechanics and the arts of war. He is now, however, allowed the liberal choice of subjects such as the students of America have. Of course they have specialists in their services and these "chosen few" receive thorough education (according to German principles) so that they may some day become the leaders of the "Master Race."

Is not one of the things for which we are fighting liberal education? If so, that means abstract intelligence for all who have the ability to absorb it.

Chester Morss, '45

DEMOCRACY

ONE of the most important things for the youth of a democracy to realize is that they have obligations to perform as well as privileges to enjoy.

America is known throughout the entire world as a country of freedom. Youngsters all over this nation of ours are afforded an opportunity for both a grammar school and a high school education. In many cases if a pupil is industrious enough he is given a scholarship to some particular college. It is the duty of every boy and girl who is able to enjoy freedom of religion and speech in America to perform obligations for his or her country.

There is a small minority of people in America who assume the attitude that the world owes them a living. They are determined to become wealthy even though they have to beg, borrow, or steal. They do not seem to realize that they are living in a democracy where people are supposed to be democratic and helpful to one another.

It is an obligation of the American people to build up and improve America. We must contribute much of our money to the war effort. America is part of us, and, rather than lose the democratic way of living, the majority of American people would be proud to die so that freedom could continue in America.

Particularly when the war is over, all the citizens in the United States will have to work together in order to rebuild America and make it stronger and more cultured than ever. The people of America were fortunate in being able to grow up in such a democratic country. In order that we may continue to be a democracy, each and every one of us must fulfill our obligations to America as well as enjoy its privileges.

Betty Smith, '43

NO INCREASED ENCOURAGEMENT IN LEADERSHIP

IF anyone were to look back at the history of some of the great people of the world, he would undoubtedly discover that at the beginning when any individual was starting to make his name, that person and none else was the one who made himself a leader. In only a very few instances does one person influence another to the true satisfaction of that other person. A person usually has an outstanding ambition in life and that is the field in which he will try to succeed. It is usually just the opposite when one is being lectured on doing other things. These other things naturally arise prominently in his mind and he becomes confused.

The same is true of the schools of America. They should not place more emphasis than they are doing upon education for leadership. The pupils should not be encouraged too much toward leadership. Pupils who do have the ability to become leaders will make themselves known through their own effort and without any teacher's keeping after them. These are the kind of leaders who are wanted to guide their fellow-people in a way that will insure forever goodwill and prosperity.

When a person is pushed into doing a thing that is not the thing best suited to his abilities, he will not endeavor to make a success of the line. It is only when a person is either naturally a leader or he foresees the advantage of being one that he really becomes a successful leader.

If the teachers were to encourage leadership more than they are now doing, the natural result would be for the children to become more disgusted than enthusiastic; the ultimate result would be a greater number of incapable leaders and a smaller number of capable ones.

Richard Wheatley, '45

SCHOOL NOTES

In an interesting assembly period, Captain Arnold Swartz, a Brockton man now in the United States Marines, related some of his own personal experiences while participating in the fighting at Guadalcanal. During his talk, Captain Swartz made it clear to his audience that fighting this war is not a glamorous job, but a tough and dirty business. From his brief talk we learned that a Marine's life is not all glory, and that if the Allies are to win this war we must all pitch in and fight together to complete the difficult task before us.

* * *

In order to stimulate and encourage the sale of stamps and bonds, members of the junior class presented over the broadcasting system a play entitled "A Message from Bataan." The following pupils made up the cast: Robert Sander-son as Bill Rand; John Holgerson as Alex Mar-tenko; Otis McCorkle as Captain; Arthur Garey as Mr. Rand; Patricia Keith as Mrs. Rand; Fred Crownfield as John Rand; James Chappell as Stanley Martenko; Patricia Hanson as Mary Martenko; Edwin Hood as a Filipino.

To help reach our \$75,000 goal toward our pursuit plane, "the Abingtonian," members of the high school have participated in a bond sell-ing contest. When this contest came to a close on April 30, Dorothy Greenleaf's sales totalled \$14,375. Betty Ward came in second place with a sale of \$10,475, and David Wales was a close third, with a sale of \$9,075 worth of bonds. The grand total to date is \$105,870.65 worth of War Savings Stamps and Bonds.

* * *

The annual Junior Prom was held Saturday evening, May 1, at the Abington High School auditorium. It proved to be one of the most successful dances held at Abington High School this year. The Prom featured the popular or-chestra of George Cranford and the hall was beautifully decorated along original lines.

An assembly was held May 6 for the purpose of honoring the undefeated and untied football

team of the past season. Mr. George D. Wheatley, acting on behalf of a volunteer committee that raised the money for these gifts, presented the members of the team with small gold footballs on which were inscribed the words: "A. H. S. 1942 Champions."

Those receiving the awards were: Co-captains Warren Davenport and Frank Boothby, Clifford Paquette, Allen Hendrick, John Cahill, Frank Merrill, Frank Mackey, William Hickey, David Wales, Charles Hanson, Richard Harper, James Chappell, George Cahill, Robert Eldridge, Rob-ert Warren, William Clark, and Manager Victor Lescynske.

Also at this assembly, members of the basket-ball team which recently won the Class A South Shore championship in the Brockton tournament, received basketball letters. The recipients were: Clark, Cahill, Hickey, Davenport, Chappell, Wales, Hanson, Thompson, McDermott, and St. James. Clark and McDermott who are both in the service received their awards by mail. Charles A. Walsh and Coach Richard Morey expressed their appreciation to members of the teams who had made a splendid record for their school.

* * *

Mr. Cameron Beck addressed the student body of Abington High School on May 10 in what was probably the most stimulating and thought-provoking address given to students at this high school during the year. Mr. Beck was for sev-enteen years Personnel Director of the New York Stock Exchange (Institute) and for five years Director of the New York Stock Exchange Insti-tute. His speaking engagements have taken him through forty-four states and many foreign countries. Mr. Beck has addressed all types of groups from high school pupils to employer-employee groups and women's organizations. Because of his practical background and his stirring manner of recounting his experiences, his lecture was unusually popular with the pu-pils. Mr. Beck is at present personnel director at the National Fireworks in Hanover.

Patricia Roberts, '44

ESSAYS

A Verdict Returned

Narice Robertson, '43

The London Clothing Company of North Abington offered \$100 to members of the seniors for essays outlining the sentence these pupils would impose upon Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo. First prize of \$50 was awarded to Narice Robertson; second prize of \$25 to Dorothy Merrill; third prize of \$15 to Anne Haskins; and fourth prize of \$10 to Helen Gawronski.



AM faced with one of the most difficult tasks that has ever confronted any man. It is my duty to mete out punishment to you, Hitler, to you, Tojo, and to you, Mussolini, who have broken every social and moral code known to mankind. You stand before me condemned in the sight of God and man! There can be no doubt in the mind of anyone of the truth of your guilt and, yet, what is to be your punishment? As you stand here before me at the Bar of Justice to receive sentence, I can see clearly etched on your faces the knowledge of your doom. Justice — how can you three men grasp the meaning of that word? The significance and meaning of "justice" is entirely beyond your comprehension; yet, upon this word hangs your fate, and, in a sense, the fate of the entire world. This new world which is just emerging from the ruin and chaos which you have created must be founded upon justice. World peace can endure only so long as there exists faith and justice for all people of the earth — especially for those who seem totally insignificant and unimportant to men such as you.

Every fiber of my being cries out for revenge; not revenge for personal griefs, but revenge for all the broken people of the earth! Revenge for the people of Warsaw whom you, Hitler, trampled upon in the first days of your plan of world conquest! Do you never at night dream of the innocent people who died when you violated your "sacred peace pacts"? Do you never hear the tortured screams of the men, women, and children who lay in twisted heaps under the smoking rubble that had been Rotterdam? You must recall the "systematic" bombings which you decreed should be the fate of that city as preparation for an invasion of England.

London — the stamina of the people of London during the "blitz" of England must be incomprehensible to you. You expected to swarm across the English Channel in a few short days. You visualized yourself as a second Napoleon. Hitler — when you realized that the invincible courage of England would not be conquered, did you not

quake with fear? You must have then realized that a fiend such as yourself could not hope to dominate a world peopled with men and women with clear, brave eyes and souls governed by God.

The German people do not feel kindly toward you who sent their husbands, sons, and sweethearts to die in the hell of the Russian winter. If I were to act in a spirit of revenge, I would turn you loose amidst the people who hailed you first as a Saviour, but who now recognize you as a fiend. However, that would be mere pleasure, and so you must await your sentence while I speak to your Axis partners.

Benito — you are a ludicrous sight. I am more inclined to pity than to accuse you. Nevertheless, when you "stabbed" France in the back, you allied yourself completely with your two comrades. You may plead that Hitler forced you to perform these acts — it will gain you no mercy. The Italian widows and orphans of the men who died uselessly at your command would not grant mercy. You, too, must face your punishment.

Although we have caricatured you, Tojo, an object of ridicule, you are not laughable. You are a deadly viper who must not be allowed to exist in the world any longer. If I were to sentence you to death, you would soon be forgotten. Your acts of atrocity must never be forgotten. The memory of the sanctioned conduct of your soldiers in China and the American concentration camps at Hong Kong must never be erased.

Death is too swift a punishment for you three men. It is too merciful. If I ordered you to the firing squad, the cry of "martyr" would arise from your perfidious companions. The term "martyr" must never be applied to men such as you. Many forms of torture run through my mind. I might sentence you to concentration camps to experience the same horrible conditions which took a toll of so many innocent lives. I might even exhibit you in cages as wild beasts to the people of the world, for such conduct is not unthinkable in connection with you.

No — this judgment must be sane and just.

The world government of today must have the trust and confidence of the people whom it serves. It would be lowering myself to your level, if I allowed my feelings to carry me away.

Therefore — I sentence you, Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo to be exiled for life upon individual islands which will be decided upon later. Each one of you will be alone on his island, and will be allowed to speak to no one. Thus, for the remainder of your natural lives you will have ample time to meditate upon the wickedness which inevitably led to your downfall. You will not live a luxurious life equipped with servants and amidst scenes of plenty. Enough food to enable you to exist will be deposited by ships at stated intervals. You will not be allowed to converse with the guards who pace the shores of your home.

I repeat — death is too fine for men such as you. May you live in eternal torment and may your nights be made hellish with images of the wicked deeds that you have committed! Thus may the world dwell in peace, as it did for so many years after Napoleon was exiled to his lonely retreat of Elba.

THE TRUE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY

THE true meaning of democracy is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people; furthermore, the sharing on the part of the aristocracy of more and more privileges with the common people. In such a government the people are allowed to choose the men who are to carry on the ideals of their government. For this reason every man and woman should take advantage of his or her privilege to vote, and in that way select the leaders whom they desire to take the responsibility of guiding their nation in the truly democratic way.

Today, our country is facing one of the most serious wars in history. Now, in this great struggle we Americans have an opportunity to exercise our knowledge of what a true democracy means to us. But, do all Americans realize the true meaning of democracy?

First, let us consider sharing privileges and opportunities with one another. During these war times, we Americans have been asked to share our food, our clothing, and other necessities with our fellow citizens, thus making it possible for our men and boys in the service to have the necessary food and clothing for war. Today, one hears of people who are displeased with rationing and do not want to sacrifice material things for the privilege of maintaining a democracy. This is not the true democratic way.

The citizens who understand democracy as a government by the people, recognize that sharing is one important principle for the people in a democracy to practice. Rationing in war time is the only fair way by which everyone may obtain the essential articles needed for him to live comfortably. No one can do more than enough to aid our armed forces in their difficult fight to procure the finer things of life which the citizens of a democratic country may enjoy in peace time.

In Lincoln's well-known phrase from his great Gettysburg address he declared that a democracy is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. One thinks immediately of a nation governed *by the people*. Our country, of course, is, along with England, one of the few countries in the world which allows the common people their will about the affairs of the government. We are all well acquainted with the actuality that the citizens of our country have many more privileges and opportunities to disapprove that they are given a chance to get ahead and make something of themselves as leaders. Our democracy is a form of government *for the people*, which simply means it is a benefit and an advantage to all the population of our country.

As one idealizes it, true democracy is of great importance to the citizens of the United States. Its true meaning is sometimes not comprehended by many of its people. The only manner by which all the country's population can understand the true meaning of democracy is to remember that in a democracy the common people have a chance to voice their opinions. The common people also share their opportunities and privileges with their fellow citizens.

If all the Americans were to realize the true meaning of democracy, our country would have built up a great morale which would submerge the selfishness of a few egotistical people and thus help bring the war to a close. Democracy could then dominate the world.

Mary Block, '45

THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE

It is the little things in life that count. It is the little things that make you big, or it is the little things that make you go through the world unnoticed.

Just a simple "hello" means much. A compliment bestowed with real feeling, an appreciative "thank you" when it is due, a genuine smile when there is no room for words: these are some of the little things that count.

Even smaller than these comparatively little things is the manner in which we do things for other people. The tone with which one speaks, the sincerity of a kindness are both important.

One of the best examples of love, kindness and understanding is the eternal name of Abraham Lincoln — a leader in his home, his town, his work, his country. From the very beginning of his life it was always the little things he did that made people like him.

Take, for instance, the story of how Lincoln shortchanged a woman and travelled several miles to give her the change, a matter of two or three cents.

In every autobiography or history no matter how brief and restricted to history, there is always mention of Lincoln's fine character because his personality was such that his character could not be overlooked. Did not all the little things he did make him the man he was? Do not all the little things make one big thing, a happy life, the most important acquisition for any human being?

In the present-day world the littlest things we do will help preserve our nation. Patriotism is the big thing, but what are the little things that make it great and wonderful? Consecrating ourselves to our country, bearing burdens cheerfully honoring the flag and being loyal in word and thought: these are the little things; these are the things that will help more to produce a universal feeling of good will, morale, and help win this war!

The little things in the individual make him big and the little things that "big" people do make our country wonderfully strong and united.

Janet Bowmar, '44

ABSTRACT KNOWLEDGE

ABSTRACT knowledge is greatly needed in our war effort. In fact, we cannot do without it. Taking just one form of abstract knowledge I shall try to explain my point.

Psychiatry is just as important as machine guns or planes in this war, for without psychiatry we should not have enough capable men to man the guns and fly the planes.

When a man who is capable of being a member of our armed forces applies for a deferment he should be sent to a psychiatrist, without his own knowledge if possible. There is little doubt that when that man leaves the office of the doctor he will be ready and waiting for camp. That man or any other man who applies for deferment is not necessarily a "slacker." Even though he may be physically fit, he may not be mentally fit.

His examination may have proved him perfectly sane, but there may be something in the back of his mind that causes him to go against the army: something he himself may know nothing about. A good psychiatrist will bring that "something" out into the open and the man will then see the mistake he is making and also know *why* he has been making it.

Psychiatry helps in another way. That same man, we shall say, has not applied for deferment, but has gone right on into the service and has been eager to go. For a few weeks after he arrives at camp he likes it, but then he grows homesick. If that longing for home is allowed to grow he will begin making plans for desertion; that is, if trouble continues unnoticed. If, when the trouble is noticed — as a result of his general decline in work, and because when he is in the recreation hall he strays off to be alone — he is sent to a psychiatrist, already at the camp for such a purpose, the psychiatrist will speak to him and drive from him, with friendly talk, the homesickness or the fear of which he himself may know nothing.

A man must not be put into the guardhouse because he has failed to do his work, before the officials in charge find out the reason for the man's actions. When the army officials have found that it is because he is "just plain lazy," they may mete out whatever punishment they deem necessary. If it is found he is in need of a psychiatrist he should have one. If the armed services would just find out "why" before they ruin a man's life, it might never be ruined.

Therefore, one cannot help but see that abstract knowledge is greatly needed. Psychiatry merely serves as an example because it is not brought out into the open as much as medicine, surgery, and other professions requiring abstract knowledge.

These are not established facts that I have stated. The armed forces do not practice all these points. I have used examples simply to make it clear that abstract knowledge is badly needed.

Richard Learned, '43

WOMAN'S PLACE AFTER WORLD WAR II

In the days after this war the woman's place in general should be in the home. Of course, this does not hold true in the case of every woman. Those with many years of education who are contemplating a career for the rest of their lives should continue in their chosen fields. There are many professions, such as certain types

of office work, which the women can handle better than members of the opposite sex.

Most women belong in the home, especially if they are married and have children. The wife should keep the house neat and clean and care for the children at all times. This is not an easy job, for a woman's work in the home is never done. From dawn to dusk there is always something for her to do; if it is not the dishes to be washed, it is the clothes to be washed, ironed, or mended, or the meals to be cooked.

After the war when our men and boys return from the front lines of battle, they will be looking for jobs with which to provide their families with means. It will then be the duty of the women to give up their jobs to the sex that rightfully deserves the work. After the great hardships and the horrors of war the men have witnessed, they will want to come home to "a little white cottage with a picket fence around it." They will wish to forget the gruesome incidents they have witnessed and enjoy a happy home life, which counts a great deal in boosting the spirits of any human being.

In this war time emergency the women have taken their places in the world along with the men. The members of the fairer sex have taken over such jobs as law and medicine and are progressing rapidly in politics. This is all very well and some of the women have proved better in these professions than men. Many have believed that men need to be depended upon in order for them to perform their best work. It gives them a sense of power. The men need this sense of power because they do not like the idea of competing with women and would much rather compete with their own sex.

The woman's place is in the home and for the welfare of the future, that is where she should remain.

Jane Tamkum, '43

ALMOST A SENIOR

WHAT would you answer if someone were suddenly to ask you, "How will it seem to be a senior?" I instinctively said that it would be fine, for I had been waiting for that time since I was a freshman, but then I began to think about this question.

When my classmates and I were freshmen, it made us writhe as the upper classmen looked at us so insignificantly and murmured to one another, "It does seem that the freshmen get smaller each year, and they look so young! It is beyond my understanding why they let them into high school until they had grown up a little." Then we, the childish and insignificant freshmen,

would look at each other as much as to say, "Some day we shall be seniors and then —" We were regarded as the cause of the untidy cafeteria and papers along the corridors. Again we just looked at each other and thought of the joy when we should be seniors. So it went during our freshman year.

Then we were sophomores — no longer "freshies," but still under classmen. Briefly: we were still not much of anything. We had not as yet gained the distinction of being upper classmen; we could not look down on the freshmen because there were two older classes to do that, and furthermore, they still seemed to be looking down on us. Of course one year had not added many inches to our belittled height, nor had we lost the sort of dazed childish expression that appeared on our faces. This year it was the sophomores who were responsible for the noisy study hall, but still we waited for the two years until we should be seniors.

Those of us who had done fairly well on our final examinations the previous June were now upper classmen — juniors. This status did not seem to be quite so remarkable as we had previously thought it would be. We did not act much older, but we were accredited by some of the teachers to have now acquired a little intelligence and common sense. In summing up our junior year, we have enjoyed it, but now that we are almost seniors we begin to realize that in one more year we shall be taking our place in the world.

A more serious aspect of life seems to present itself as more of our classmates will leave to join the armed services throughout the coming year. The high school itself will seem strange without the familiar faces of the present seniors. Next year will be the last year that we will be associated with the high school teachers who have proved themselves to be our friends at all times. It will be the last year that friends who have attended school together for years will enjoy each other's company day after day, for after that each one of us will go our separate way. To some the thought that they have only one more year of attending school is so pleasant that it overshadows the fact that when we enter our senior year it brings us much closer to graduation and its finality.

In concluding, I wish to say that although we juniors shall enjoy being seniors, we are sorry to see you, the class of '43, leave us. Abington High School will not seem the same without you. As you leave this high school, the best wishes of next year's seniors go with you!

Janet Perron, '44

"WHAT NEXT?"

DECEMBER 8, 1941, our country declared war. Many people do not realize the meaning of war. In order to win this war — and we **MUST WIN** — we have to give up certain pleasures, share our food, and many other things in order that the men overseas will not lack food.

The other day while I was shopping I heard a lady, Mrs. X, say, "What? No chocolate? First the government takes away our gas, then tires, then butter, and now no chocolate! What am I going to do? I might as well give up and die if I can't eat what I want to!" Mrs. X does not really know the meaning of war. What has she to worry about? She has no sons or anyone close to her fighting.

If our soldiers knew the way in which some people were carrying on at home, complaining about everything, I am afraid they would put their guns down and quit. Just think! Soldiers, many of our friends, even brothers, fathers, sons, and sweethearts, fighting to protect this democracy of ours while people are complaining of little things they cannot have.

Anyhow, it is about time that we made some sacrifices. Our boys are giving us everything they can. How would you feel if you were not sure when you were going to die, but you were slowly starving to death with no one at your side except wounded and half-starved soldiers? Each day you would have to go out to the battlefield praying for food or death! Why are our soldiers doing this? To protect their loved ones and Mrs. X who cannot give up her chocolate.

Whenever you are going to buy things that are not absolutely necessary, think of the poor soldiers dying and invest your money in war stamps instead.

If anyone called you an "Axis Helper," would you like it? No, of course you would not, but whenever you hoard or buy things that you really do not need that is what you are!

If anyone should ask you, "What next?" simply say, "Every spare penny goes into stamps to help lick the Axis."

If everyone cooperates this war will be over much sooner than if we just "sit back," and enjoy all the luxuries we can get hold of.

Helen Saulenas, '43

THE GIRLS' GOVERNING BODY

A NEW organization, the Girls' Governing Body, was formed in the early spring. To it, every girl registered in the high school is automatically a member. This organization is the result of a discussion led by a committee of four girls in one of the Physical Education classes. The committee, consisting of Ruth Poole, Charlotte Murphy, Helen Buchawski, and Frances Danksewicz, conducted a survey of the school and concluded that there was need for more personal counselling of the girls than had been previously had. At a Dean's meeting, the high school girls responded heartily to the suggestion of a girls' governing body.

The qualifications of girls on the council of this governing body are tolerance, broad-mindedness, leadership, and understanding. Elsie Bowmar, senior, Ellen Wales, junior, and Kathleen Cull, sophomore, were elected by all the girls to membership on the council, and these three girls elected Jane Owen, freshman. These girls with Miss Bernice Hill, faculty adviser, appointed Betty Smith, Helen Gawronski, Janet Bowmar, Helen Buchawski, Mary Block, Helen Holgerson, Joyce Arnold, and Patricia Peavey to serve on the council in addition to the originators.

This council plans to meet once a week under the supervision of Miss Hill for the purpose of devising plans to help the girls of Abington High School. Personal problems will receive consideration from the council or any designated member, as the girl wishing help may desire.

One of the main purposes of the club is to extend democracy among the high school girls. At an evening meeting of the club Jeannette Johnson spoke to the girls concerning their personal appearance.

Because this organization is still in its infancy there is no indication of the influence it may grow to have, but the girls have great hopes for its future.

Janet Perron, '44

* * *

FAITH

Sweet as heaven,
Pure as sky,
'Tis the love
He guides me by.

Elsie E. Bowmar, '43

SHORT STORIES

Justice

Betty Bauman, '44

LONG, bleak row of bathhouses jutted out into the gray of a dismal November evening. Not long before there had been gay and cheerful laughter here, but with the passing of summer and autumn came the shrill whistling of the wind as it sought refuge in the cracks and knot-holes, accompanied only by the steady drone of the waves beating against the barren shore and the hoarse shrieking of passing seagulls.

A lone figure was seated on the steps of the bathhouse. He took out a handkerchief, tied it tightly around his leg, cursed silently, and began to survey his surroundings.

A few yards ahead of him was a long wooden bridge which led over a marsh river and wound its crooked course back over the frozen marshes to the shore. With the exception of one narrow piece of land which stretched out from the coastline and linked this lonely peninsula to the mainland, around him was the angry water.

He rose and with a crooked gait limped down the wooden walk stretching in front of the bathhouse between the doors until he came to a door that stood open. Here he piled into one corner the sand which had drifted in and dropped wearily to his crude bed. The wind blew with ever-increasing fury. The waves dashed against the shore with a furious hissing sound. The whole scene was so utterly depressing that for one fleeting moment his courage failed him.

"Give up! Better to give up than to starve and perhaps freeze in this God-forsaken place."

The moment passed and he swore aloud in disgust at his own weakness. He lighted a cigarette and lay back and watched the smoke form weird fantastic figures as it curled and writhed its way out into the gray of the night. Finally, completely exhausted, he fell asleep.

It was not until a pair of screeching sea gulls flew over that he awoke again. Knowing full well the consequence of being seen, he resigned himself to remaining where he was. Even if he were able to find something to eat, a fire at that time of year would certainly bring investigation. So, he remained in his lair for the day. There crept upon him loneliness, accompanied by the slow and stealthy pangs of hunger and thirst. Hunger bothered him but little, and then only for a few minutes at a time; but it was the dread-

ful loneliness that he minded, the absolute desolation of the place, the constant wind and the beating of the waves at night, relieved only by the harsh cry of the gulls by day. Several times that day he found himself listening, hoping to catch either a strange or a familiar sound, straining to hear perhaps a distant voice, a far-off church bell . . . anything.

The third day came and passed with no deviation from the set pattern of the day before, except that he became acutely aware of the wind. From the beginning he had shuddered at its fierce, hollow persistence, but now it seemed to take on entirely different aspects. It became a ghostly, sinister, unearthly, ever-present voice.

"I'll talk to it. Why didn't I think of it sooner? No one else to talk to."

Suddenly the bitter realization of the words he had just uttered struck him. He fought with every ounce of strength in him to cast these thoughts from his mind. At last, giving up in despair, he fell into a maze of weird and fantastic nightmares which left him completely spent when the next day arrived.

When he awoke, the will to live had left him. His fierce desire to escape and resume living in some distant place had forsaken him and with its parting came a feeling of resignation to the slow and inevitable death which he thought must follow.

The fifth day dawned gray and oppressive. It was noon when he finally awoke. He first became conscious of the wind. It seemed to have increased in fury as if in the wake of an impending storm. For the first time terror struck him. He began to talk loudly, rapidly, words tumbling out over each other in a last appeal.

"I don't want to die. I know they're there waiting for me. They're like vultures waiting and waiting. If I only had some food, a little water. Why do they wait? Why don't they come? If I shout, then they'll hear me. They'll come and get me. I won't be cold then."

With renewed efforts he began shouting and waving his hand wildly. Finally discouraged, he began whimpering.

"Why don't they come? They can't leave me here. I can't stand it."

(Continued on page 34)

A Prayer For All

Robert Sanderson, '44



WILL had been shagging flies out in the left field when the word came around. Young Joe Sears, the ex-math teacher at Simms, was back again. This time he was regaled in a naval officer's uniform.

All day Joe had been recruiting, and he was up to his neck in applications when Will entered. With a wide grin on his face, Will came into the office declaring: "Im joining up. When do I go?"

Joe looked at him with a depressed expression and said, "That wouldn't be quite fair to your mother, would it?"

After cogitating the point for a moment, Will replied, "No, I guess not. I wouldn't be holding up my end of the bargain."

Will's father had died only a year before, and his mother was having a hard time to keep him and his two brothers in school, and she had told Will that he must help his two brothers through when he graduated.

Len Nelson, affectionately called "Swede," was the adventurous type. He was the salutarian-elect of the senior class at Simms. From his size one could immediately tell he was an athlete.

"Swede" had almost persuaded Will to join the sub service, but Will's conscience bothered him because of his bargain.

Will said, "Swede, give me a couple of days to think it over. I'll have to go and ask Mom what she thinks. I owe it to her to help."

"Don't be crazy! She won't care."

Will went up to his room and sulked. He sat and argued with himself.

"If I don't go, I'm a coward. I'm afraid to die, but I owe it to the twins to help."

Dick and Dave, Will's twin brothers, are fifteen years old and had the same outlook as their mother. They thought that because Will had the ability to earn, he should help them through school.

That weekend Will decided to go home and have it out with his family. When he arrived, they did not greet him with the accustomed warmth that usually awaits a boy arriving home from school. The cold aspect of the greeting as surveyed by Will told him that the family

knew of his idea to join up. As soon as he could manage it, he asked to go into the library to talk.

"What have you come home for?" asked his mother. "This is the middle of the semester."

"Well, I may as well be frank," said Will, "I am joining the Navy."

"As your guardian, I forbid it," icily retorted his mother. As yet the twins remained silent.

Suddenly Dick demanded, "How do Dave and I get to finish school? You've had your chance and now you're leaving us flat."

Will answered in a long, deliberate tone. One could easily see that he was highly perturbed by the turn of events.

"I shall see you both through school," he retorted. Then turning to his mother, he asked, "Will you please sign this release so that I may go? I shall send their tuition in three months and pay the full two years that they have to go inside of six months."

Turning to his mother he said, "I am joining the sub service where the pay is much better. It will be enough for both them and you to live on. I should appreciate the release."

His mother glared at him and gave him the paper. "I know that no good will come of this," she said.

Will rose and went to the door. The others followed. At the door he stopped and took his mother in his arms and said, "No hard feelings, please, Mom." She started to cry. He shook hands with the twins and with a "Good luck" was off.

It was six weeks before he heard any news from home. Then it was only a postal from Dick. The regular "form letter" type. He went over to Swede's hammock and rocked him until he woke. "I just got news," said Will. "Everyone's all right, and I shouldn't worry."

"Good," replied Swede, and rolled over and went back to sleep.

Two weeks later the six men in the company detained at the shipping port of ————. The submarine base was humming with activity when they arrived at two A. M. It did not take long for them to discover that the Navy acts quickly, for two days later they were pounding along the bottom toward a mid-Pacific island

base. Action had been what they wanted, and two days later, they got it more than they wanted. for the next day Will's mother received a cablegram dated May fourth. It was an impressive-looking document. In the upper left-hand corner was:

Navy Department
Washington, D. C.
May 14

With a quivering hand she opened the envelope and read aloud:

"The United States Navy Department regrets to inform you that your son, William Knudsen, Jr. is missing in action, May four, in the Pacific Battle Area."

Silently Mrs. Knudsen made this prayer: "Thank God that if my son had to go, he went the way he wanted to go."

WOLF

The cold wind whistled through the empty pass and the snow began to fly faster and faster. Any traveler who found himself lost in the bleak wastes of the Alps during a storm like this had little hope of survival.

Wolf plodded slowly through the new-fallen snow in search of any traveler who had tried to brave that fierce blizzard, his nose up, and his ears alert to catch any sign which might lead him to someone in need of help. His warm coat would keep out the icy cold and the wind-blown snow, but a man, unless he had reached some cave or similar shelter would have no such protection. Wolf shook his head. Was he, perhaps, thinking how the cask of brandy he carried might save the life of a traveler?

Seeing no one in the pass, Wolf turned to go off in another direction, his large paws keeping him on the top of the snow. But wait! He heard a noise behind him. Turning, he put his nose in the air and tried to smell whatever had caused that noise. He could smell nothing, but on listening he heard the moaning of a man lost in the pass.

Quickly his sinewy muscles carried him toward the source of the sound. At the bottom of a cliff he stopped. He could go no farther, yet the sound was close by and in the direction of the cliff.

Suddenly he realized that there was a cave in the rocks at the bottom of the cliff and that the entrance had been blocked completely by snow. The man must have crawled inside during

the storm, fallen asleep, and, in effect, been buried alive since late the night before.

Upon realizing this, Wolf began to dig frantically, in order to free the man before he became suffocated. Rapidly his large paws dug away the snow. Now he could hear the man's breathing. The breathing was growing harder and harder, and within a few minutes the man would be lost beyond all hope. Finally he neared the end. He lifted his large paw and pushed a hole in the wall of snow that separated him from the man, letting in air so the man could breathe.

Finally the hole was big enough so that he could go inside and drag the man out. He smelled the man over carefully in order to see if he were still alive. When he had assured himself that the man was only unconscious, he dragged him out into the open to see if he had been wounded in any way. After looking the man over carefully and finding that he had no wound of any kind, but that he had only crawled into the cave for protection against the snow, Wolf took a gentle but firm hold on the man's coat and started to drag him toward the Hospice.

It was a distance of a mile or more, but Wolf's strong, sinewy legs easily carried him over the first half of the distance. The last half was not quite so easy, but when he remembered that the man's life depended on whether or not he got him to the Hospice in time, he kept on and was soon at the Hospice.

Here one of the Monks came out and took the man in to put him in bed. In several hours he had regained consciousness enough to tell his story. Once more a Saint Bernard had saved the life of a traveler in the Alps.

Frederick Crownfield, '44

RESPECT FOR THE FLAG AND NATIONAL ANTHEM

WE Americans know one of the greatest blessings which now exists in the world — freedom. We accept that freedom as part of our heritage, and often neglect the emotion of patriotism. Since the war, which has been raging in Europe for five years, has engulfed our country in its torrent, we have all become imbued with a spirit of patriotism. Many of us have been shocked and dismayed to realize how little we school pupils understand the proper respect for the flag and national anthem. I do not believe that there are many of us in the senior class who can recite the last verse of the "Star-Spangled Banner," or "America." We stutter if we are asked to recite the pledge of allegiance all alone. The next time your homeroom rises to salute the flag

and remain standing for the national anthem, notice the posture displayed by most of the students. Their shoulders are slumped over and their heads turn to look at a classmate or to gaze blindly out a window.

When next you salute the flag or sing the "Star-Spangled Banner," think a moment of the millions of boys and girls and men and women of Nazi-conquered Europe who would gladly give their lives if first they were allowed to salute their own flag again as a free people. Think of the homeless immigrants who study long hours to become American citizens. Remember the fervent prayer in their voices as they, for the first time, salute the waving folds of Old Glory. Think of the rapt expression on the faces of those gazing with hearts full of new hope, on the Statue of Liberty. Then remember your heritage and work to keep freedom and the right to pledge allegiance to the United States of America.

Narice Robertson, '43

POST-WAR GIRLS

WHEREAS the outlook for boys in the post-war world is decidedly bright, especially in industrial occupations, the outlook for girls is decidedly dark.

True enough, there are now jobs anywhere and everywhere and there will continue to be many until the end of the war. Then the trouble will begin. The men in the Armed Services will begin coming home and getting their old jobs back, jobs that in many cases are now held by girls and women.

Even if that takes care of itself, what of the women who in the past held jobs in a war plant? These women are now used to working under conditions that before only men knew, including a great deal of smoking and language many young girls had not heard before. These working women will have become hardened to these things and will think nothing of them. A thing of that sort can definitely lower morale. Young girls once accustomed to these working conditions cannot easily adjust themselves to a life with girls who are unaccustomed to these same conditions. We girls may even be divided into two classes: Those hardened to men's ways and those comparatively innocent of them.

This sort of thing can definitely threaten the future for many post-war girls.

Frances Corey, '43

TEACHERS AND DEFENSE WORK

Many people seem to have the impression that the teachers employed in our public school system should spend a few hours each day working in some defense plant. Evidently they do not realize how strenuous the job of teaching is. Because a teacher is not engaged in work that calls for a great deal of physical strength, it does not mean that he will not be tired at the end of his day's work.

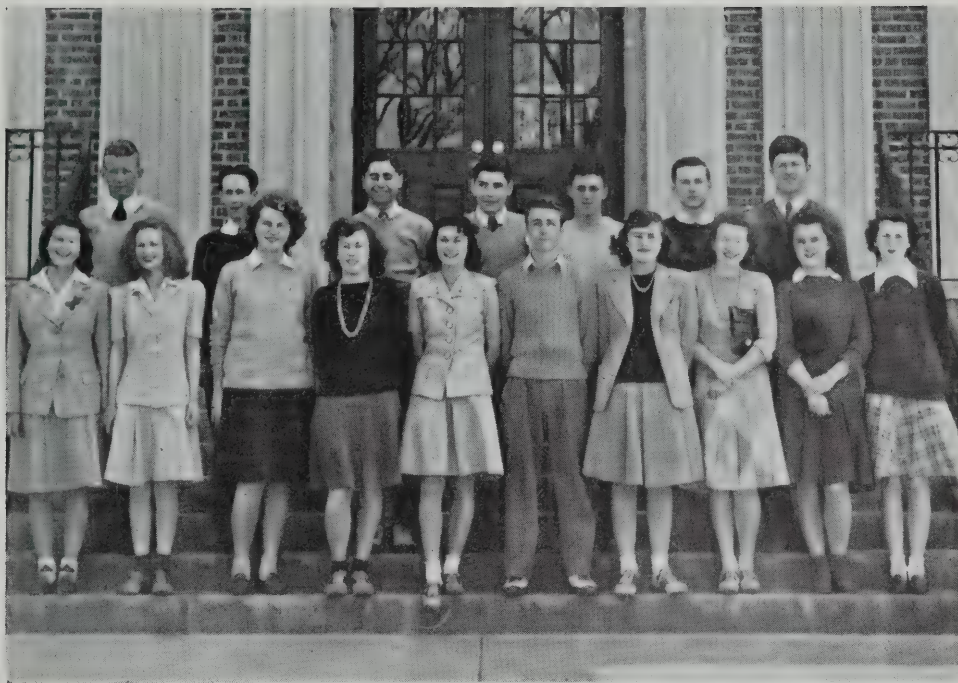
A teacher has many problems with which to cope besides a great deal of actual work to do. Although he does not use his strength as a carpenter or a bricklayer would, he has a great deal of mental work to do and this surely can make a person just as tired as if he were engaged in work that calls for a great amount of physical exertion.

When school is finished for the day, a teacher is neither physically nor mentally able to go to work because he would be tired from the long hours of mental strain he has had to endure. A person in this profession would not have time for defense work. He spends from six to eight hours a day at the school. When he is at home he needs any extra time in which to do work he has had no time to finish in school. For instance, he has to correct tests or homework papers that may have been assigned for the day or for the day before. Also, he must plan the work for his classes for the following day. There are many ways in which he has to spend his extra time, and surely he needs some time for relaxation.

Because a teacher is in school so many hours during the day he should spend some of his time out of doors in the fresh air and sunlight. If he should have to work for a few hours in a defense plant he would have no time for relaxation and recreation. We all know it is necessary for a person to have fresh air and sunlight if he wants to be healthy. Therefore, if the teachers are to be healthy they should not have to work in defense plants.

By working at their original job of teaching, the teachers in our public schools are doing enough to gain victory. They are helping to prepare for the great job that is ahead of them, our boys who will soon be entering the service. It may also be added that the teachers are also doing their share in the purchasing of war stamps and bonds. No, as our teachers in the public schools are already doing their share, let us not ask them to do more.

Velma Richardson, '45



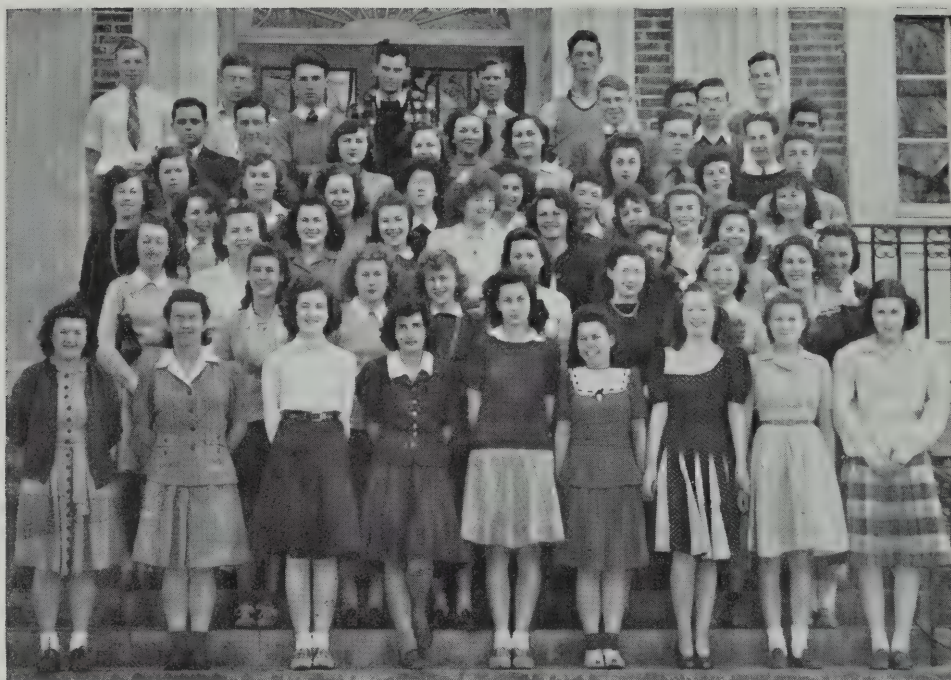
STUDENT COUNCIL

LEFT TO RIGHT — FIRST ROW: Jane Owen, Betty Stevens, Mary Block, Betty Ward, Betty Smith, Warren Davenport, Helen Gawronski, Janet Bowmar, Patricia Hansen, Kathleen Cull.

SECOND ROW: Richard Morey, Russell Gnong, John Richard, Thomas Buckley, Kenneth Bates, Arthur Garey, William Lynch.

STUDENT COUNCIL

THE Student Council is comprised of four members from each class who are chosen at the end of the year by their classmates. These members represent the student body and bring before the principal, problems which are cause for concern among the students. The council this year has been fairly active. It entertained various surrounding towns in a semi-annual Student Council Convention. The officers this year are Warren Davenport, President; Betty Smith, Vice-President; Betty Ward, Secretary, and Helen Gawronski, Treasurer.



CLASS OF 1943



CLASS OF 1944



CLASS OF 1945

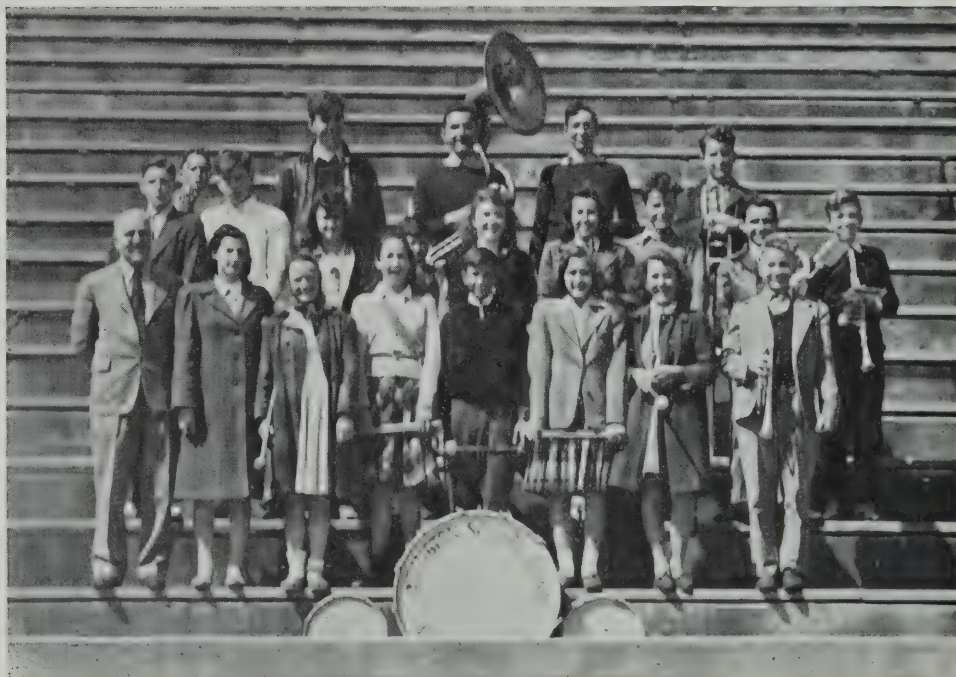


CLASS OF 1946



DRAMATIC CLUB

FIRST ROW: Narice Robertson, Mary Blanchard, Helen Gawronski, Merry Bauman.
SECOND ROW: Patricia Roberts, Janet Bowmar, Patricia Hanson, Betty Bauman.
THIRD ROW: Miss Bessie Hart.



BAND



HI-Y

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

"WHO would desire peace should be prepared for war." Thus ran the third prologue of the *Epitoma Rei Militaris* by Vezeturo. The United States was not prepared when she entered the last war. Rather than drill her own defenses she aided England and Russia directly, thus insulting and harming the German government. It was probably right for her to aid England, because as a Christian nation we had no right to sit back and simply watch the barbaric atrocities the Germans were committing.

Perhaps it was best for the United States to stop appeasing the Axis when she did, because if she had not England might well have fallen. In the meantime this country would now be fighting the Axis on its very shores.

Upon our entrance into the war, England was the last guardian of liberty left standing on the shores of Europe. If that guardian had been destroyed the entire continent could have been pillaged by the barbaric Nazis. England was the last hope of every oppressed country. How could any nation be so merciless as not to foster that hope?

The Nazi party stands for a church where Hitler is god. In carrying out this plan, the Nazi party ruthlessly persecuted and insulted both the

Catholic and the Protestant clergy. In Slovenia the clergy, including the monsignori, were obliged to carry out such lowly tasks as cleaning the gutters with their bare hands. In this way they were exposed to the rubble of the drunk.* The United States stands for religious freedom and grants the clergy the respect due them. In Britain the condition is the same as in the United States. Little wonder we should support England.

Germany stands for a trial with the Nazi party's members as its jury. In England and the United States the situation is different.

Seeing that Germany was preparing to execute and bury the Allies, President Roosevelt wisely asked Congress for a revision of the Neutrality Act and power to begin a defense of the country. With this power he aided England, thus giving the English renewed courage with which they fought on. Events rapidly followed one another until we officially allied ourselves to England. The United States could have found no other ally in the world which supports liberty as well as does England. England and the United States must carry on to victory and peace!

Thomas Buckley, '45

**Martyrdom of Slovenia*—John Le Farge, S.J.

JUSTICE

(Continued from page 25)

He paused as if to catch the sound of approaching footsteps, but it was the wind, far off, near the water's edge, slow, methodical, hollow, ever-increasing — a voice.

"Well, Steve, you've failed, you know."

"What? Who . . . who are? What do you want? Oh, I see you've come. Why didn't you come sooner? I would have surrendered."

"No, Steve, think harder. Concentrate. Don't you recognize my voice?"

"Recognize your voice? Recognize — No, no — it's not! It can't be!"

"Yes, Steve."

"But you're dead. You've been dead for two weeks." He rose slowly, gathering every ounce of his remaining strength. "Harry, Harry! Where are you?" Blindly he walked out onto the beach. "Harry, answer me!"

No reply. He half ran, half staggered toward the water's edge, gripping with his hands — searching. At last, uttering a savage cry of disappointment and bitter realization, he sank to his knees and welcomed the flood of unconsciousness.

Betty Bauman, '44

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71 Centre Avenue

Abington

Telephone 206

Jonah Fieldman, M.D.

14 Vernon Street

Abington

Telephone 77

Lester Callahan, Lawyer

282 Union Street

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Telephone 62

George F. Garrity, Attorney

618 Washington Street

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OPTOMETRIST

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Martin's Bakery Block

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North Abington

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We shall be pleased to have you inspect our reference maps and globe at any time.

